

Surreal Truths

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A young boy's playful squeals erupted as he ran across a field of beautiful wildflowers. The sky was an everlasting blue, dotted with the puffy cheerfulness of little white clouds. Butterflies fluttered about from bud to bud, unaware of anything but their usual work. The sun, a bowl of golden butter in the sky, bright and beaming on the world below. Music could almost be heard in the sweetness of the air as the wind played with the youth's purple hair, downy and light on his head.

A dark figure seemed a dagger in the middle of the light scene. His features were naturally cross, a permanent moodiness crossing his striking face. The black pants and sleeveless shirt he wore painted a morbid air about his well-muscled body. He was short in stature, yes, but the able murderer of countless innocents. His raven flare of jet black hair seemed to pull up away from his obsidian pupils, cast down in a manner of observing the younger child.

But beyond all his true darkness, he was a proud father.

The lad came up hurriedly to the older man's legs, wrapping his small arms around them. To someone so small they seemed as if huge tree trunks, giving away to the huge branches of arms and the black leaves of hair. "Papa!" he let out in a high-pitched laughing cry. "Fly me, Papa! Please!"

The man let a smirk pass across his features before reaching down to pick his son up under the armpits. Pride would have held him back

earlier in life, he knew. Why would a great warrior play such frivolous games with a child? But somewhere in the back of his mind he knew, somehow, that these may be the last times with his sonâ€œ he should at least try and make him remember him with fonder memories than he had of his own fatherâ€œ

The warrior hefted the boy up with great ease, but with an extreme gentleness that few of his opponents thought he could possibly have. The five-year-old would be strong, he could already tell from the little muscles developing on his biceps and sides. He slowly started spinning the boy around, faster and faster as he continued. The blue shining of his son's eyes twinkled in the innocence of his youth, his face alit in the kind of early beauty and glee he himself had never experienced. The only sound that could be heard was the whistling of the momentous wind and the youngster's squeals of delight.

Finally the senior slowed down, finishing the bout by throwing the small child into the air and catching him with his strong, molded hands, holding him up against the cerulean background. "Satisfied?" he asked his heir, allowing a small grin to pass through his stoic features.

The reply was the same foolish smile on the boy's face, seeming to spread from ear to ear. His smaller hands reached around the man's neck and he buried his face against the black tank top. Little breaths went against the smooth, dark skin and he replied, "Hai, Papaâ€œ arigatouâ€œ" There was no better heaven for a child to wantâ€œ

The older soldier put one hand on the boy's back and turned back and forth slowly. He closed his eyes, wanting to envelop the moment into an unforgettable aura of content love. How long could he spend with his only son? He knew it would not be too long, and how would he live when he was gone? He silently prayed to whatever god was listening to watch over his son for him when he could no longer do it himself. His end was inevitableâ€œ When he finally raised his open eyes, the Death he was awaiting floated a few meters away from him.

The pair was just as he had seen them before when they had slaughtered his fellow senshi. They seemed unchangeable, identical in appearance and purpose. The male, a young, rather attractive man with straight, shoulder-length hair almost the color of his own. His eyes let out an appearance of morbid amusement, of sadistic enjoyment in his twisted actions. Killing the weak was a game that he cheated at, loving to watch the reactions of the players as they awakened to his reality. "That's sweet," he said in a voice that was tinged with a mock regret. "Perhaps I pity him."

The female, the same age and loveliness of the man beside her. Her hair was parted on the side, cascading straight layers of blond silk to her chin. Her eyes were different from that of the other; they withheld the joy she must have had when she stole the lives of countless innocent men, women, and children. But at the same time they showed with vividness the danger and darkness that had intoxicated her. Killing was something she seemed to do to pass the time, something she had to do to retain what she was... and wanted to be. "Don't talk such lies, it wastes time," she said in an almost sweet tongue, but a tone that expressed her monotone merciless. "Besides, this one is mine."

A flash of interrupting rage. "You had the clown and the alien! It is my turn!"

Counterstrike of reflexive intelligence. "And you took the monk and the mutant. It is my turn."

An almost amused retaliation. "The monk should only count half."

An annoyed refusal, following a shake of blond strands. "Now, now, brother dear, be fair."

An equally beneficial compromise. "Than we both do it."

"Fine."

The boy had not taken his eyes from his father's face throughout the entire argument. The man seemed almost angry, but not quite... His teeth were bared in a barbaric growl, his cheek twitching spontaneously. The hand on his back had balled into a fist, shaking, quaking in quiet vehemence. And yet something in the recesses of the black pools in his eyes seemed in secluded depression. Sadness about somethingâ€|

The lad felt his feet softly touch the springy mattress of grass underneath him. The meadow had lost its magic with the arrival of this duo. Of course nothing had actually changed in physical appearance; in comical fact even the butterflies flew within arm's reach of the two, spastically curious of why they were flying in their territory. Small natural sounds still gave the wind a music all its own. Everything was still the same.

Two heavy weights bared down on his young shoulders. They were warm, and remained where they lay as his father crouched to his eye level. Now the sadness that was in his eyes before was replaced with an almost hard determination about something, mixed with a coldness that disturbed his young balance. "Go home," the elder commanded, his earlier soft whisper solidified to an icy rasp.

A small hand reached up to touch one on his shoulder. "Won't you come, too?" He had not been afraid before, but nowâ€|

With a minuscule movement the figure shook the offering away. "No." The word stood alone, not allowing any explanation to escape. It seemed as if to reveal it would kill them both.

"Why?"

"I have something I have to do."

"Can't I help?"

"You'd only get in the wayâ€|"

"I'll do whatever you want me to do, I promise!"

The argument seemed to add years onto the older man. Why was this so difficult? The boy should be able to know what is happening! Can't he sense it? His eyes seemed to soften a bit more. He heard the soft chirping of the lad in front of him, going on with his inane questions. Didn't he understand? Didn't he know what was going to

happen?

And why would it come down to this? And so this test would require all his strengthâ€|

An explosion of poison. "I don't want you around me!"

Silence.

"But, Papaâ€|" a silent plea. And a silent stab in the chest.

"No, brat! You \_will\_ leave me alone and do as I say!" It was like a severe kick to use the hated address on his own son. How many times had he despised his father for calling him by it all those yearsâ€|

Small drops started to collect below the pain-filled blue crystals.  
"You don't mean thatâ€|"

Of course I don't! "Never cry, weakling! Where is your pride for yourself? Do you dare disgrace me now?"

"Please, Papa! Don't say that!"

But I have toâ€|I hope you understand laterâ€| Why does he have to look at me that way? "What would your mother think of you? Disgrace! Kusoyaro! It pains me to have to look at you!" What unintentional dramatic ironyâ€|

"But I love you!" He was desperate now, gripping the cloth of the shirt's half sleeves defiantly, as if strength would bring his father back to him.

There was a fierce crack before the pain registered in the young boy's face. A tear of blood flew from his torn cheek and his shock registered in the blankness of his eyes. It felt as if his purple hair had flown out with the force of the strike. Hit by his own father's hand? Was the world ending?

"That's where love will get you."

Noâ€|not Papaâ€|

And that was when he turned and ran. His hand on his face, and the scratch on his cheek bleeding through his fingers, and the tears falling in waterfalls down his neck and soaking his chest, he ran. He couldn't stand to look at him the same wayâ€| His sobs were suppressed in the tightness of his throat. The tears just came to him, unstopping and relentless. How could heâ€|

So then as the now lone man stood before the two messengers of Death, a smirk on his face and tears in his eyes as well as the blood of his own son on his hands, he knew that dying would not be the worse thing he had ever gone through. He let out a vicious curse and went full out towards the two, nothing holding him back. It was all worth itâ€|and it was all for the bestâ€|

It had to be doneâ€|

And that was when Trunks awoke from his sleep, weeping because he could not rememberâ€!

End  
file.